



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

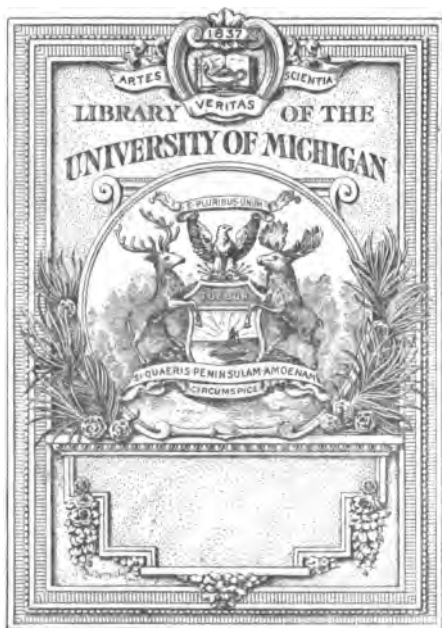
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

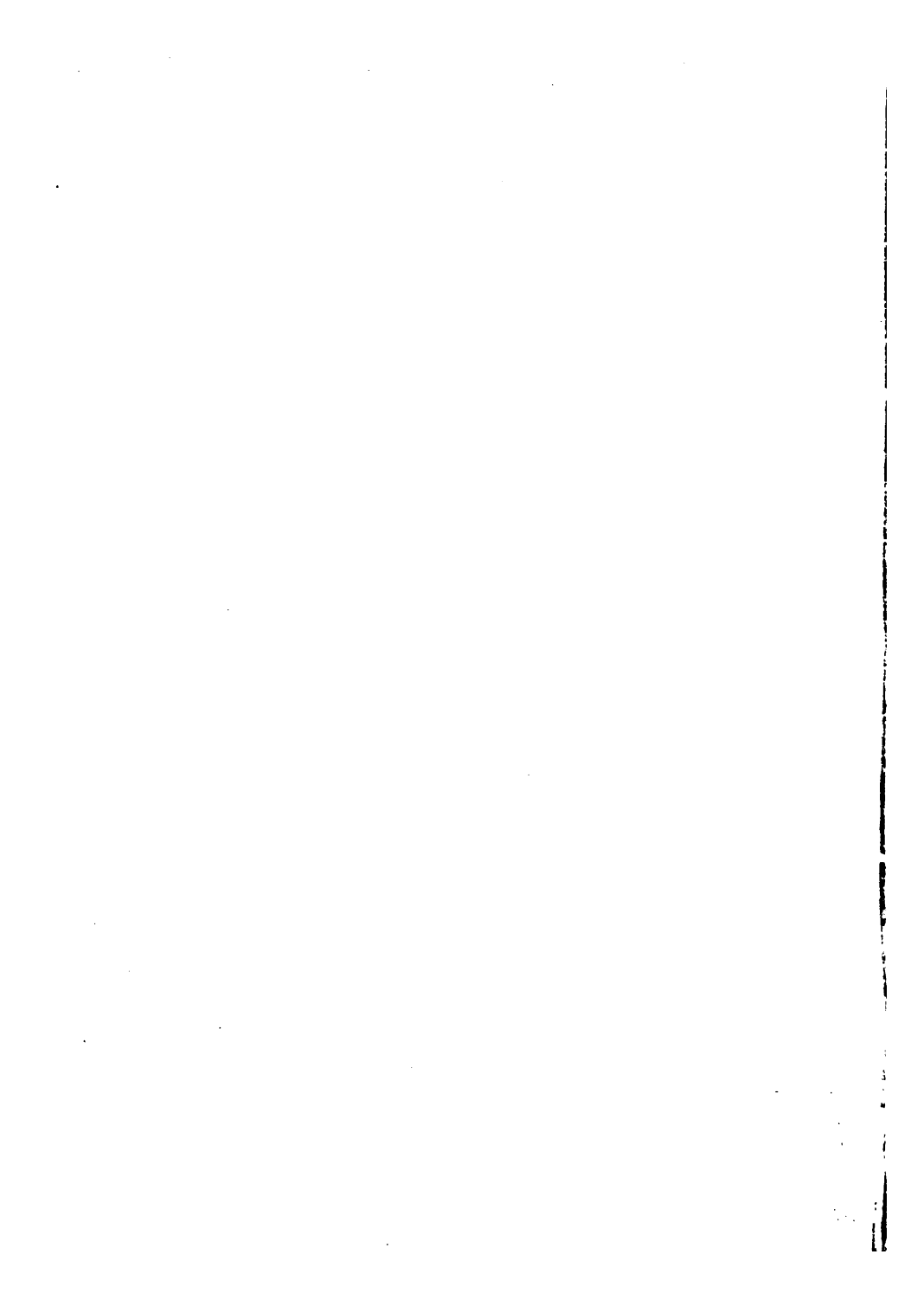
About Google Book Search

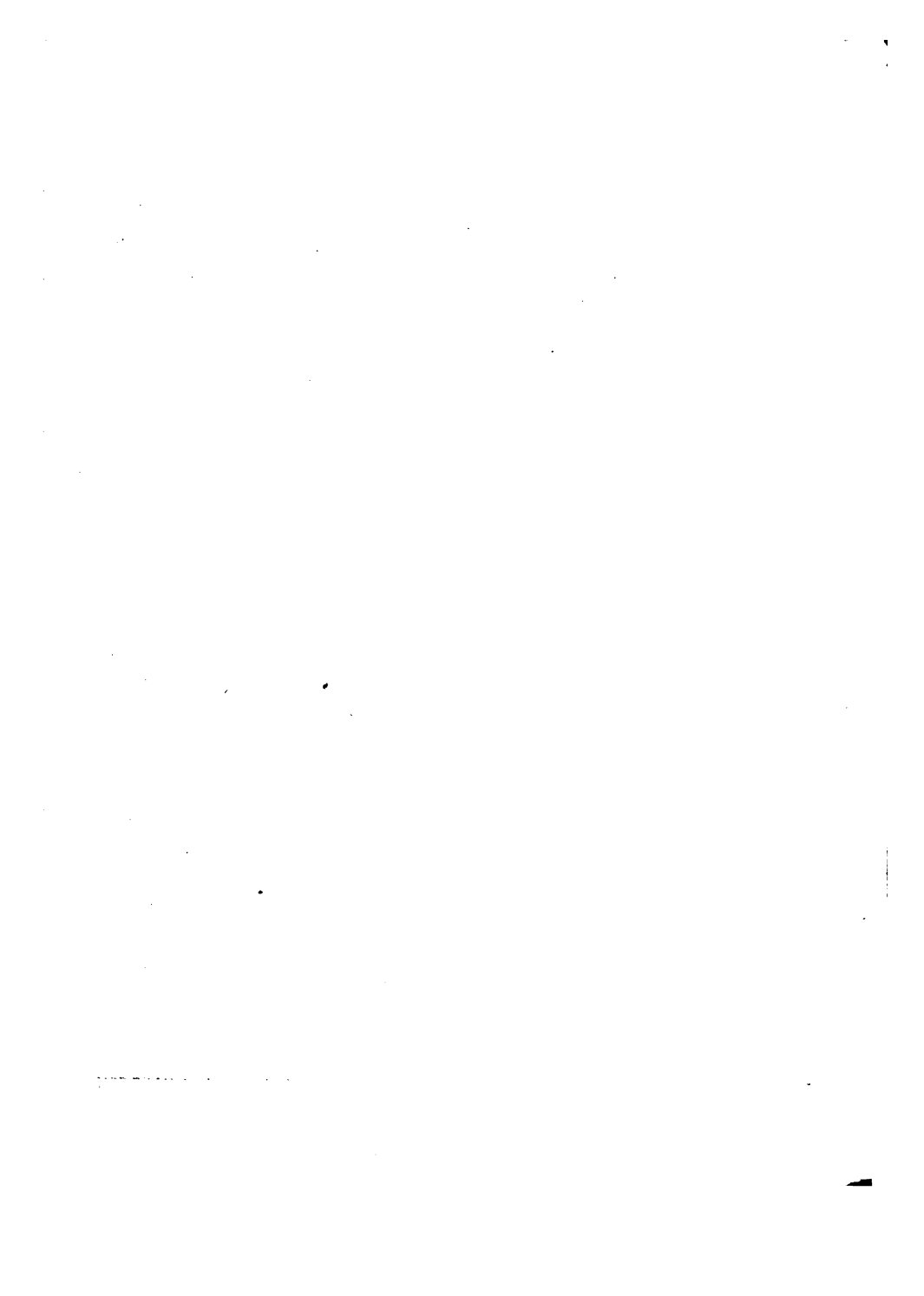
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

50 Cts.



828
B531f







HERMAN BERNSTEIN.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

HEP MAN BERNSTEIN.



F. TENNYSON NEELY,

PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

NEW YORK.

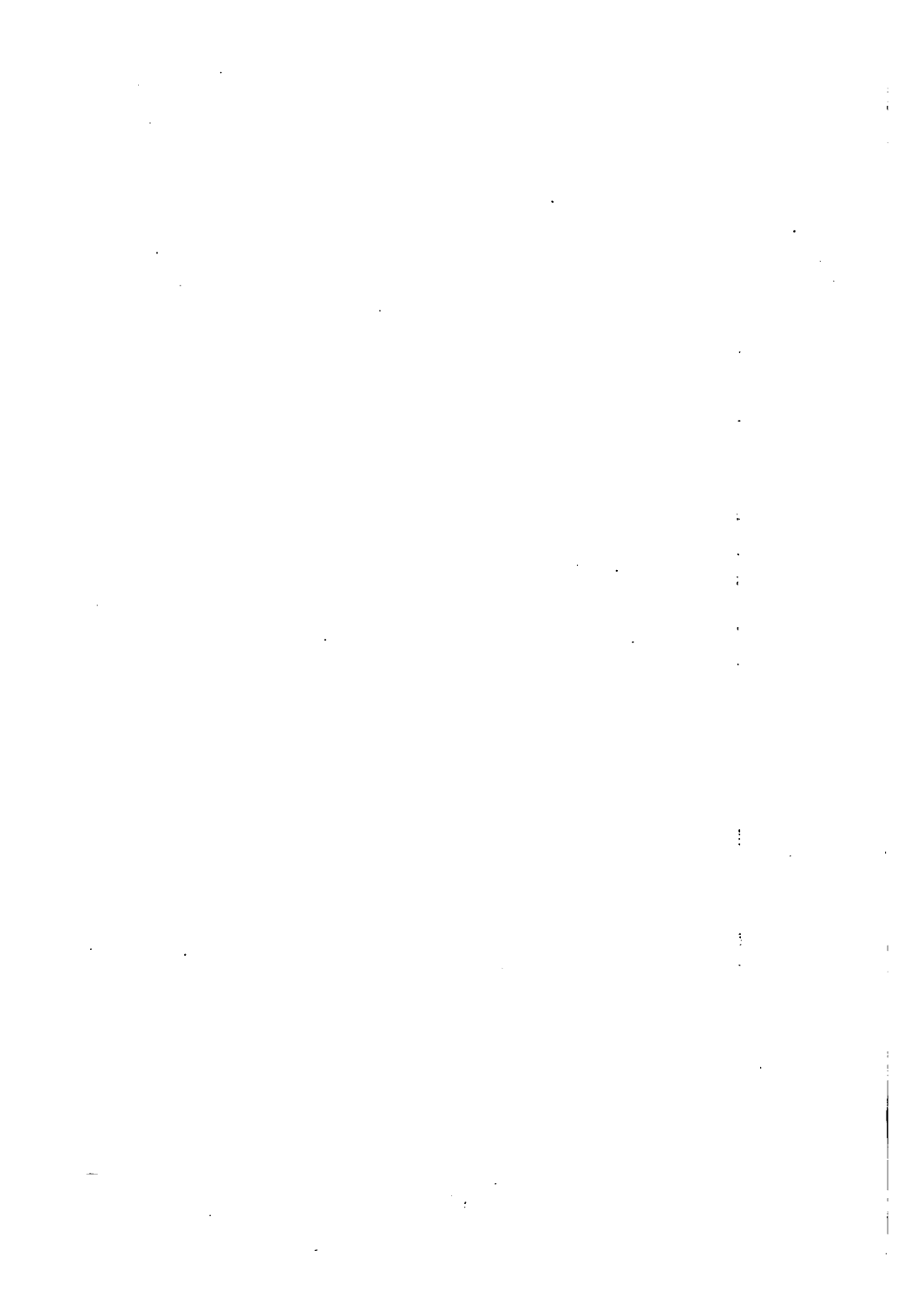
Copyright, 1899,
by
F. TENNYSON NEELY
in
United States
and
Great Britain.

All Rights Reserved.

TO
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D.,

THIS VOLUME IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY
HERMAN BERNSTEIN.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Flight of Time.....	7
The Battle of Santiago.....	9
The Russian Jewish Rabbi.....	15
Martyr Dreyfus.....	23
America's Glorious Banner.....	29
Never Parted.....	31
The Stars.....	32
Rain and Sunshine.....	35
A Legend.....	37
Love.....	39
The Bible.....	41
Fame.....	43
Onward, Onward!.....	44
French Justice.....	46
David's Lament.....	48
To the Poet.....	50
Tears.....	53
Man and Hope.....	54
The Nectar of Life.....	59
My Wish.....	61

	PAGE
To the Dnieper.....	63
Music.....	65
France.....	67
The Love of Fame.....	70
All Praise to Almighty.....	71
A Legend.....	73
To a Nightingale.....	77
The Wolf and the Cat.....	79
The Puzzled Traveller.....	87
Peace.....	88
An Evening Prayer.....	91
My Friend the Scribe.....	92
Lines.....	93
Laurels.....	94

The Flight of Time.

WHAT changeable visions are passing before me,
As I from the train-window look!
Here rises a mountain, there passes a meadow,
Now flashes a serpent-like brook.

Now, swiftly revolving, the trees and the bushes
Indulge in a wonderful dance,
Now pass, in an instant, a hut, or a mansion,
A fair maiden's innocent glance.

The train keeps on rattling, and rushing and roaring;
And woe to the careless and faint,
That fall 'neath the wheels of that merciless monster—
They perish without a complaint.

The Flight of Time.

What wonderful visions are passing before me,
As I from the Time-window gaze!
Here rambles a sorrow, there passes a pleasure,
Now luxury flashes a blaze.

There greed and success with contentment and down-
fall
Are lightning-like passing away,
Now cries of the servant, now joys of the master,
Now decency going astray.

And Time goes on rattling, and rushing and roaring,
But woe to the reckless and faint,
That heed not the wheels of this merciless monster,
Which hear not and fear no complaint.

The Battle of Santiago.

LISTEN, listen to the story
Of our country's latest glory,
Of our heroes' spirit wary
 On the battlefield;
Of the memorable battle,
Where the Spaniards fell like cattle
 As the Yankee cannons pealed!

Silent joy was in our quarters;
On the smooth and sparkling waters
Stately stood our navy's daughters;
 Sabbath reigned supreme;
Here and there some jovial sailor
Spoke with zeal of Dewey's valor;
 Here and there was heard a hymn.

The Flight of Time.

Suddenly, past long protraction,
Came the order: "Clear for action!"
And with hearty satisfaction
We obeyed the shout!
Near Socapa, o'er the mountains
Smoke was seen to rise like fountains,
As Cervera's fleet came out.

In our bosoms vengeance swearing,
Overhead our banner bearing,
We were eagerly preparing
For the fight with Spain;
For in base and brutal manner
She polluted Freedom's banner,
And destroyed our splendid Maine.

The Flight of Time.

In a moment all was motion.
Roaring went the mighty ocean
When the cannons spoke our notion
 To the trembling Dons;
And our hearts were firm and steady,
And our hands with skill were ready
 At the deadly Yankee guns.

Swifter than a dream's illusion
Was our guess at their conclusion,
As they hastened in confusion,
 Stricken with dismay;
There they felt our cannon's shower,
There they learned the Yankee power—
 There in Santiago Bay.

The Flight of Time.

Arm in arm for cause fraternal,
Pouring forth a fire infernal,
We have sent to sleep eternal
Champions of wrong!
Men and engines, intermingled,
Hurt and bruised, and crushed and tingled,
Feather-like were tossed along.

Finally, as we were nearing
To the enemy, 'mid cheering,
We perceived their war ships sheering,
Dragging to the shore;
Beaming in the sunny splendor
Waved the banner of surrender
On the scattered "Men-o'-war!"

The Flight of Time.

Then the bravest of our freemen,
Tenderer than tender women,
Rushed to save the dying seamen
 From the shattered decks,
Where the wounded were forsaken
By their friends, who, horror-shaken,
 Hastened from the sinking wrecks.

And our bosoms, lighter growing,
Filled with pity overflowing,
When the old Cervera, bowing,
 Offered us his sword;
Touched with innermost emotion,
With a genuine devotion
 Praised we the Almighty Lord!

The Flight of Time.

And forever will this story
Demonstrate our latest glory,
And our heroes' spirit wary
 On that brilliant day
Of the memorable battle,
Where the Spaniards fell like cattle—
 There in Santiago Bay.

The Russian Jewish Rabbi.

(From the Russian.)

OLD and gray, his shoulders bent,
Tall and meager like a cane,
To my door came up a man,
When the day began to wane.

In one hand he held a staff,
While the other wiped a tear,
Like the leaves on swinging boughs,
He had shrunk from cold and fear.

"Peace to you," he calmly said,
While a tear had filled his eye;
On his face I noticed grief,
From his heart I heard a sigh.

The Flight of Time.

"Can you take me 'neath your roof?
I am tired, and weak, and old;
Just like death, severe and sharp,
Crude and merciless the cold.

"I am hungry, bare, and poor,
Orphan-like I am on soil,
For I cannot tug for life
By my hands, or mental toil.

"I had been a teacher once,
And our children I had taught;
God's my witness—I had e'er
Earnestly my duties wrought.

The Flight of Time.

“Now our children have grown up,
Like grand flowers they still grow,
And I drink the bitter cup,
Suffering in tears and woe.”

Silent then became the man.
And the tears have rolled and rolled.
On his sad and wrinkled face
A reproach I could behold.

This was meant for him, whose heart
In the careless body sleeps,
Who is merciless, unmoved,
When a struggler sighs and weeps.

The Flight of Time.

II.

When in slumber earth was hushed,
My fatigued and suff'ring guest
Finally in pleasant sleep
Found forgetfulness and rest.

Then night's queen, the wingy dream,
Looked at him and sweetly smiled,
Carried him at once away,
Where he lived while yet a child.

Here's his father's little house,
Where he passed his childhood days,
Where his heart had freely breathed
Near his mates at friendly plays.

The Flight of Time.

Here's the temple, where he oft
With his father ran to pray.
"Tell me, dearest, why we haste,"
To his papa he would say.

"Child, the Sabbath-hour is near,
And the temple's open wide—
There our souls will find repose,
Far from care and struggling's tide."

In the dismal synagogue
Darkness, gloom reign over all.
Now the rigid sexton goes
To the corner. By the wall

The Flight of Time.

Stands a candle on a shaft;
Fast to it he makes his way,
Then, by turn, he lights each lamp,
And, when done, he walks away.

Thus the gloomy synagogue
Soon assumed an aspect bright;
And the boy with eager eyes
Follows every trembling light.

"Where's the candle and the shaft,
That, like in a fairy land,
Instantly created light
By mysterious command?"

The Flight of Time.

“By the customary hand,
By the hand that used the light,
When its mission was performed,
It was slipshod cast aside.”

III.

Jewish, tired and suff'ring Rabbi,
Such, poor teacher, is your fate!
Keeper of the Lord's commandments,
Was your toil not holy, great?

Have you not with holy blazes
Lit our children's heart and soul?
Have you not, inspired like prophets,
Taught them life's true end and goal?

The Flight of Time.

Rabbi, did you not instruct them
To believe, to love and wait,
To be honest, true and faithful,
“With a heart for any fate?”

“Well, and now? . . . With mute affliction
You are wandering alone,
O'er your head a fearful darkness,
In your heart a deathly moan.

Martyr Dreyfus.

THE ocean is furiously raging,
Uplifting the billows with might;
No star is there sparkling in heaven
And colder than death is the night.

No ship ever carries there freemen,
No fruit genders there Mother Earth;
A step-child of nature, that island
Was cursed at the moment of birth.

And there on a rock sits a martyr
With heart like a tomb for despair;
So bent are his head and his shoulders,
So thin and so gray is his hair.

The Flight of Time.

He watches the ocean enraged,
And finds in that fury repose;
He constantly stares into distance—
With longing his heart overflows.

An outcast of France, the enlightened,
Forsaken by justice of man,
He bears on his wretched existence—
Existence which is but a span.

As soldier and man an example,
He answered humanity's call;
The pride of his nation upholding,
He'd perish than suffer it fall.

The Flight of Time.

But envy, the fiercest of serpents,
Whose mission is but to destroy,
Arose, in a rattle, to deaden
His greatness, his honor, his joy.

The mightiest, armed with justice—
With justice that flatters their might—
Had spider-like woven and woven
Till dragged was their prey from his height.

His sword and his armor they shattered,
His guiltless hands tightened in chains;
The brow of his honor they tarnished
And feasted upon its remains.

The Flight of Time.

He sees now his nation oppressèd
 In misery, woe, and disgrace;
The pitiful lot of his kindred
 In friendlessness' marble embrace.

Then, shrinking, his lips he reopens
 And calls in a heart-breaking tone;
He listens—he hears but his heart beat,
 He hears but re-echoed his moan.

His comrades are deaf to his prayers,
 They see not his horrible woes;
Their hearts are the dwelling of serpents,
 They now are his bitterest foes.

The Flight of Time.

To be so ignobly degraded
By France he so sacredly served!
What tortures to innocent conscience
That never from duty had swerved!

He prays then to France for assistance
And Justice implores for relief—
Their eyes are, alas! 'neath a bandage,
They're blind to his wounds and his grief.

He mourns for the pride of his nation,
So stained on the face of the earth;
And grieves for his dear little children,
Those innocent victims of birth.

The Flight of Time.

The sunbeams he sees now, are burning
The bandage from Justice's clear eyes;
And visions, inspiring and pleasant,
Before him so vividly rise.

He thinks then of France, the enlightened,
The nation's and kindred's embrace;
While, eagerly waiting and waiting,
Hot tears trickle over his face.

America's Glorious Banner.

I LOVE you, Old Glory, the queen of the banners,
I love your inspiring and heavenly view;
The stars and the stripes that so brilliantly sparkle
Bear sweet recollections I cherish in you.

Most glorious emblem of Union and freedom,
My hope and my courage, my Lord overhead,
For you beats my heart, for the flag of my nation,
For you I would pass to the land of the dead!

How sweet 'tis to think and to chant of our heroes,
The noblest and bravest uplifters of Right!
They live for our nation or died for our country,
They crowned us with glory on Liberty's height!

The Flight of Time.

Your glory's the greatest reward for our martyrs,
Your strength is the refuge for wronged in the
 strife;
Your grace is the torchlight of justice and freedom,
Your history every American's life!

Our vigilant sons from all parts of the country,
As brave as of yore, at your call had appeared!
In time when a danger had threatened our banner,
Whose courage was shattered? Whose bosom
 had feared?

I love you, Old Glory, the queen of the banners,
I love your inspiring and heavenly view!
The stars and the stripes that so brilliantly sparkle
Bear sweet recollections I cherish in you!

Never Parted.

'NEATH sunshine's brilliant glare,
The tender breeze's care,
Refreshed by morning dew,
Close side by side, one fragrant spring
Two charming roses grew.

The rustling leaf, the bird,
The tree, the lamb and herd—
All sang to Him above!
They never parted—knew no woe—
They lived in happy love.

When petals start to wane
These roses met again,
In love and union bless'd;
The one was on my darling's heart—
The other on my breast.

The Stars.

EARTH is hushed in deathlike slumber.
Brilliant stars in countless number
In the azure sky are shining.
Silent grow my heart's vexations;
Sweet and soothing expectations,
Rising, check my soul's repining!

How your glitter, stars, I cherished
In the happy days that perished,
In the days of sweet contentment!
Childhood's joys had firmly bound me
As I loved the world around me,
And my heart knew no resentment!

The Flight of Time.

In your sparkling eyes above me
Were reflected hearts that love me,
Souls enraptured in your beauty!
And your whisper was so pleasant,
So enticing was the present,
Life was joy, not pressing duty.

Meanwhile Time was onward rushing
As I sank in sorrow's gushing,
Lone, forgotten, unprotected.
Lightning-like my youth has left me,
From all holiest she reft me
Hopeless, shattered and dejected.

The Flight of Time.

Yet the stars, in splendor gleaming,
As of yore their rays are streaming—
Brilliant, solemn and majestic.
And, methinks, those eyes above me,
Bring me back the hearts that lov'd me,
Charming dreams and scenes domestic.

Then my soul in youth's embraces,
Drowned in blessings, upward faces
Emblems of divine affection.
And my aching heart grows lighter;
Life again is sweeter, brighter
In this blissful recollection.

Rain and Sunshine.

THE rain has passed; and now the earth
Is hushed in sleep profound.
The petals, calmly swinging, hark
The breeze's tender sound.

And on the flowers sparkle tears
Forgotten by the cloud,
That floated o'er our troubléd earth
In rage severe and proud.

The night has passed. The sun again
Spreads o'er the earth his light—
Again our heart's desires revive,
Again our life is bright!

The Flight of Time.

Thus, Nature's always wont our soul
In various moods to dress—
Just now she grants us ease and joy—
Now, struggles and distress.

A Legend.

INSPIRED by solemn sounds
Of a bewitching harp
King David made his psalms
Melodious and sharp.

Then birds had dared not sing,
The waters did not run—
King David's hymn was sung
All over 'neath the sun.

But when King David's tired
Our mighty Lord to praise,
Then birds from everywhere
Their ringing voices raise.

The Flight of Time.

The waters start to flow,
They roar with hearty mirth,
With praise from zone to zone
They fill our mother earth.

Love.

(From the Russian.)

LONELY I have wandered o'er the highway;
Through the mist the flinty road is bright;
And the desert listens to the Almighty,
While the stars talk in the calm of night.

Heaven seems so wonderful and solemn;
Earth has sunk into a sparkling blue,
Why am I so weary and so painful?
Is there aught I wait for, or I rue?

There is naught on earth below I hope for,
And my past I not at all regret!
All I seek is quietude and freedom,
And myself in slumber to forget.

The Flight of Time.

But not in a cold sepulchral slumber
Wish I in forgetfulness to rest—
That within me vital sparkle vigor,
Breathing, peacefully may rise my breast!

That by day and night my ear be petted
By bewitching songs of loyal love!
That an evergreen and shady oak tree,
Stooping, sweetly murmur from above!

The Bible.

How dearly I love every page of the Bible!
My hopes, and my pleasures, my joys and my sor-
rows,
That aimlessly rambled and vanished like sparrows,
Are closely combined with that reverend book!

Each page is reviving a scene of my childhood,
A glimpse of those innocent youthful affections;
Each line is a fountain of sweet recollections—
So healing and pure is that wonderful book!

How wildly bewitching your charms were, my child-
hood!
My bosom breathed freely, my heart was contented,
I loved all the world, I seldom resented—
I loved it—I knew not its dangers and whims.

The Flight of Time.

And when to my bosom some sorrow is nearing,
I bury, O Bible, my thoughts in your stories;
I live with your heroes and feast at their glories,
For mine were those heroes, the dreams of my past.

Fame.

How truly enticing is Fame to the great,
Immortal and powerful Fame!
For grasses and flowers are destined to wither,
But never a glorious name.

What joy 'tis to fire in humanity's bosom
A wholesome and glittering light!
To watch and to waken the slumbering spirit,
And preach to it Justice and right!

'Tis stronger than Death, it is better than rubies,
The wreath of humanity's guard;
Though kingdoms are shattered and rulers forgotten,
Eternal is greatness' reward.

Onward, Onward!

ONWARD, Man, go ever onward!
March on with the waves of Life!
Moving, ever moving onward,
Be no coward in the strife!

Marching onward, help the weaker!
Help the suffering on earth!
Onward, ever going onward,
Bring no shame upon your birth!

Live your life for you—for others!
Know its earnest, vital goal:
“Onward, onward, ever onward
Let your noble doings roll!”

The Flight of Time.

Nobler, purer, higher, greater
Strive to be from day to day!
Marching, ever marching onward,
You will reach a better way!

Then your life shall not be dreary,
Shall not press you any more;
Surely, safely marching onward,
Being loved, you will adore!

Calmly, friendly teach and study
Life's prerogative on earth!
Onward, Man, go ever onward,
And your life be living worth!

French Justice.

ENVELOPED in genuine mourning attire,
Lower, O Justice, thy shame-stricken face!
Descend in repentance the height of the past,
Wrapped in mantle of mortal disgrace!

Humanity's garland becomes thee no more!
Lost in defame thy integrity's hand!
Thy paramount mission, polluted with shame,
Cowardly fell like a structure of sand!

What? clasping Corruption's contemptuous arms
Didst thou not shudder in fever of death?
And did not thy conscience rebel like a storm,
When thou approached her horrible breath?

The Flight of Time.

O, where was thy heart when thy prophet and guide
Spoke of the harvest thy future will reap?
And where was thy soul when that noblest of guards
Fearlessly threatened thy dangerous sleep?

Thy pedestal, Justice, is shattered and gone!
Mockery, Falsehood have taken thy stead!
So kneel in thy genuine mourning attire,
Bitterly weep, for thy mission is dead!

The earth from all sides will assist thee to mourn,
Raising in sorrowful accents her voice,
"In struggle for Justice great Zola was wronged!"
Wronged, he will rise and in triumph rejoice.

David's Lament.

WAIL and lament, ye fair daughters of Zion,
Your lyres shall resound a sad strain!
Earthward the pride of the mighty has fallen
And Israel's beauty was slain.

Tell not in Gath, and announce not in Asklon
Lest Philistine's warriors rejoice—
Vilely was cast on the field of the battle
Jehovah's and Israel's choice.

Mountains of Gilboa, no dew shall refresh you,
No rain shall descend on those fields!
Saul and Jonathan, the noble and fearless,
Have lost there their armor and shields.

The Flight of Time.

Swifter than eagles and stronger than lions,
Whom Love had united in life
Perished together, for Death could not sever
The heroes who fell in the strife.

Brother Jonathan, distressed is my spirit,
My heart is repining for thee!
Truer than woman's had been the affection,
The friendship thou cherished for me!

Wail and lament, ye fair daughters of Zion,
Whom Saul in delights had attired!
Earthward the pride of the mighty had fallen
And Israel's glory expired.

To the Poet.

WHEN the furious battle is storming and raging,
When Man is the servant, and Lead is his master,
When the cannons are roaring in rapid succession
And whelming all round them in deadly disaster;

When the blood of the conquered is trickling and
streaming,
When bosoms are burning and senses are freezing,
When in volumes their moans are uprising to heaven,
Uprising, unheeded, the battle unceasing;

Soldier-drummer, beat your drum,
Soften, cleanse the wicked soul!
Balm of Gilead give the hearts—
Hearts that lost their end or goal!

The Flight of Time.

In the strife of the world, untiring and brutal,
Where Love is a vision and Mammon is master,
Where the weak and the decent, the true and the
noble,
Are victims of wrong, of disgrace, and disaster;

Where the ground 'neath the warriors in fearful convulsions
Is thrown by the sight of the blood of our Abels,
Where the monsters rejoice o'er the dead and defeated—
Defeated that fell in our sin-stricken Babels—

Soldier-poet, beat your drum,
Rap upon each wicked soul,
Creep into each brutish heart,
Beat and teach them—that's your rôle!

The Flight of Time.

Do not weaken when mocked while performing your
mission :

Your fate is to suffer, to teach is your duty ;
In your own heart and soul are your shield and
your armor ;

Go, preach to mankind, then, of Right, Love, and
Beauty !

Tears.

WHEN sadness lays on me her hand
And haunts me with her pains and fears,
When like the ocean storms my heart
And all my joys, like Spring, depart,
Stream on, stream on, O burning tears!

What wondrous craft and healing balm
Are you, O tears, unto my breast!
Like songs of love, removed from care,
Or some believer's earnest prayer,
My soul you fill with mirth and rest.

Alone, unnoticed by the throng,
Stream on, then, undisturbed, my tears!
Like dew, refresh my withered past,
Suppress my bosom's raging blast,
And banish, as you flow, my fears!

Man and Hope.

HOPE.

O, heed not, Man, thy miserable fate!
Forget thy fruitless disenchanted strife!
Not thou alone hast drunk the bitter cup,
Not thine alone seems useless, poisoned life!

Cling fast to me, embrace me once again
And let thy head in reverend belief,
In sweet oblivion sink upon my breast,
So distant and so free from earthly grief!

MAN.

Forget the Past and start to live anew?
To bury all that was to me so dear,
And be forbidden yet to mourn my loss?
To smile when from my eye springs forth a tear

The Flight of Time.

And feign to love when hatred fills my breast,
A mortal hate for all the ills of earth,
When in infernal agony my soul
Is chained within my frame, is dead to mirth?

And when thy sweet and holy vows revive,
Thy promises that streamed like brilliant rays,
I shudder, dreading my doubtful mind. . .
How eloquent, bewitching were thy lays!

It seemed as though thy glory came on earth
O'er suffering humanity to light,
And, like an angel, wrapped in healing truth,
Thou ledst my then distracted soul aright.

The Flight of Time.

I idolized thy words! Thy glance had cast
Bright beams upon my solitary way,
And happy, full of verdant faith in life,
I onward went, unhindered by dismay.

Oh, Fairy, why was not thy marble heart,
When dropped on earth, to thousands atoms
smashed?
Thy tongue not petrified, thy lips and eyes,
Those weapons serpentine, were they not dashed

And rendered powerless by thy sudden fall?
Oh, no, thou hadst no heart! That was a dream,
Another puzzle yet unsolved by human mind,
A fire of fantasy, a bright, malicious beam!

The Flight of Time.

Be silent, Hope! No longer will I move
In thy enticing, unacquainted sphere!
Life's thorny road, beneath thy dazzling glare,
And my repeated falls were too severe!

HOPE.

Thy mind I welcome, thy immortal power
Shall find access into my grand domain!
Do not resist! Thou must succumb to me,
Or else thy life shall be a cheerless strain!

MAN.

Enough! What cowards makes of us distress,
To seek in enemies a molient aid!
I'm thine, I'm thine! Again I see a light
Where sorrow dwelt in disappointment's shade!

The Nectar of Life.

LEAPING, laughing and rejoicing,
Children pass their youthful days;
Happy, lively, free from sorrow,
They anticipate the morrow
Glorified by brilliant rays.

And to them the rushing future
Seems so prosperous and bright!
While the days are onward streaming,
O'er their heads the sun is beaming,
And their hearts are light, so light.

Swiftly pass those happy moments,
Leaving not a trace behind!
And with time they're turning dreary,
Cold, and mournful, and weary,
Poisoning the heart and mind.

The Flight of Time.

Painful, grievous and regretful,
Men approach the common Fate;
And, on nearing, they consider:
“Why on earth e’en Man must wither?”
But they think of it too late!

They are put into a coffin;
Covered soon by Mother earth;
And, to close the earthly blessing,
Stones the dead men’s frames are pressing,
Telling of their death and birth.

But not so with man ideal!
His is everlasting life!
Happy like a child forever,
Useful, great in his endeavor;
Love’s his armor in the strife!

The Flight of Time.

Love dictates him: "Help the weaker!
Lead the erring to the right!"
And his heart grows nobler, dearer,
To the struggling—better, nearer,
Full of joy and pure delight!

When the time arrives for resting
To this hero in the fight,
Monuments of noble actions
Rise before him—great attractions—
And he rests so light, so light.

My Wish.

(From the Russian.)

O, WHY am I not like the bird of the plain,
That rapidly darted above?
O, could I but hover and wing through the sky
And nothing but liberty love!

I'd make then my flight to the West, to the West,
Where the fields of my forefathers rise!
On mounts overcast, in a tenantless seat—
Where the dust of my ancestry lies.

The family shield on my old native walls
Clings close to the sword full of rust;
I'd float o'er the shield, o'er the sword I would fly—
My pinions would whisk off their dust!

The Flight of Time.

The strings of dear Scotia's harp I would touch,
And a soft pensive strain would resound—
And harkened by one, as awakened by one,
It would sink into silence profound.

But vain are the longings and useless the prayers
'Gainst Destiny's rigid decrees!
Between the dear mounts of my country and me
Are rolling the waves of the seas.

The final descendant of champions brave
In the land of the snow is to wane.
A Russian by birth, I'm a stranger by soul.
O! were I but a bird of the plain!

To the Dnieper.

MOST wonderful river! How oft did my soul
In thy waters' mysterious whisper rejoice!
How light was my heart when I sat on thy banks,
When I heard in thy gushing Eternity's voice!

The sun and the moon, and the stars in their turn
O'er thy powerful bosom have cheerfully danced;
Thy glide that reflected the blue of the skies
By the nightingale's marvelous lay was entranced.

Absorbed in oblivion of heavenly mirth,
As if roaming through dreamland, my soul was at
ease,
When century oaks in a murmuring sweet,
Had unburdened their hearts to the life-giving
breeze.

The Flight of Time.

But years have elapsed. My poetical dreams
Are obscured by the gloom of surrounding distress;
No longer are fervent emotions inspired
By thy whisper once sweet and thy former caress!

The lays of the birds so bewitching and free
Are replaced by the heart-rending sighs of distressed,
The moans of despaired and of crestfallen slaves,
That are yearning for Freedom, ignobly suppressed.

So mournfully watch thee the century oaks,
So reproachful the moon, and the stars, and the sun—
They see that thy waves, like the creatures of earth,
Seek to swallow the weak as they constantly run.

Music.

THE holiest missions and mightiest powers
That govern the deeds of the heart and the mind,
The noble and lofty, the grand and divine
In waves of melodious tones are combined.

They shelter the outbursts of genuine joy,
The worthy endeavors of pure and sublime,
They shelter our sorrows, our woes and our tears,
Recalling the wonderful dreams of our prime!

The sighs of our grief-stricken soul they reflect,
The forcible wrath of our sensitive breast,
The outbursts of passions so vain and absurd,
That shatter our spirit and deaden our rest.

The Flight of Time.

The whisper of Cupid, the pillar of hope,
The zeal and the fire of the lover's first kiss,
With nature absorbed in a harmony sweet,
Inspire in us visions of marvelous bliss.

And when in my bosom assemble those sounds,
My soul soars away into dreamland above;
I know not of sadness, of sorrow and pain—
I crave then for nothing but freedom and love.

France.

Is this the France
That did entrance
The world in by-gone days?
Is this her face,
Her former grace
And these her winning ways?

Is this the land,
Whose stern command
The greatest kingdoms trembling set?
And this the head
That always led
In teaching nations etiquette?

The Flight of Time.

Hòw low she's sunk,
In evil drunk,
With hope too faint to rise!
Her face, her frame,
Are marked with shame,
With mud her winking eyes.

The paint is off!
Her lovers scoff
And in disgust they turn aside;
They warned her long,
That brutal wrong
Was hidden 'neath her mask of pride.

The Flight of Time.

Her tact of old
Away has rolled
And turned from noble base;
Her fate was sealed
When Time revealed
That shocking Dreyfus case!

With lowered head,
Her conscience dead,
She beats her funeral march on earth;
And in her fall
Fears to recall
Her days of happiness and mirth.

The Love of Fame.

A RESTLESSNESS of Genius,
A marvelous desire
To elevate the world,
Humanity inspire,

That his beloved ideals
Immortalize his name—
In consciousness of greatness
Abides the Love of Fame.

All Praise to Almighty.

ALL praise to Almighty, the Lord of Creation,
Who guided and guarded our men in the field,
Who armored with courage our boys on the waters!
All praise to Almighty, our president's shield!

All praise to McKinley, the head of our Nation,
Whose spirit he voiced with decision and care!
By civilized warfare he brought us to glory,
All praise to our leader, all praise we can spare!

All praise to our sailors, all praise to our soldiers!
United they fought for Humanity's cause
And raised over slaves the American banner!
So cheer them, great nation, with zealous applause!

The Flight of Time.

All praise to the spirit and heart of our nation,
Whose blood could not rest till a vigorous hand
Was offered the chivalrous seekers of Freedom,
Obscured and oppressed in a crime-stricken land!

So let us forget our complaints and our quarrels
And, cheerfully raising together, our voice,
Announce to the world that in Liberty's triumph
All parts of our glorious Union rejoice!

A Legend.

WHEN God, the Almighty, created the world
And breathed into Adam the spirit of Heaven;
When Life and Existence to creatures of earth,
To heavenly bodies was skillfully given,

The Sun and the Moon were alike in their power—
In equal proportions performing their duty—
They poured o'er the universe life-giving rays,
Attiring creation in marvelous beauty.

The moon was, howe'er, with her fate not content
And yearning for glory still greater and greater,
She poisoned her quiet with Envy and Hate
Till thus she approached the Almighty Creator:—

The Flight of Time.

“ O, source of wisdom, hark my words
And heed your faithful servant's prayer!
The makings of your hands are great,
Your world is wonderfully fair!

Great Reignor of the Universe!
Your single word hath made the skies,
And Earth, and Man, and beast, and tree,
The mystery of mysteries.

“ You stir the mighty ocean's waves
And cyclones move at your command;
You silence lions in their rage—
All Nature's guided by your hand.

The Flight of Time.

“ O, wherefore, God of Justice, why
 Bid you both luminaries light
With equal glare and equal power
 And made monotonous our plight

“ Since even Men, the kings of Earth,
 With soul immortal and divine
Were made unequal in their strife—
 And Eve to Adam must resign?”

And just as the moon had concluded her prayer,
 And thought of her future so glorious and pleasant,
The Universe trembled. 'Mid thunders and light-
 nings
Replied then distinctly the Lord Omnipresent:—

The Flight of Time.

“ You hate Equality? You crave
To be a master or a slave?
Henceforth the sun will give you light—
You lose your freedom and your might.”

To a Nightingale.

WHAT a heavenly voice
Makes my bosom rejoice
 As you sing;
When you swing on a bough
 In the spring,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

Now you rest, now you flee
O'er a bush, o'er a tree,
 Now you spring,
Now you pray to the Lord
 As you sing,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

The Flight of Time.

And your wing is as free
As my youth and my glee,
When you rise
Through the air, when you soar
To the skies,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

And your song, full of charm,
Is removed from alarm,
And your trill—
It resounds over dale,
Over hill,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

The Flight of Time.

To the king, to the slave,
To the coward and brave
 Goes your lay,
Brings relief to the heart
 In dismay,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

Were so pow'rful my word,
Sweetest migrating bird,
 As is yours!
Were my song of the kind
 That endures,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

The Flight of Time.

For the sake of the song
I would sing to the throng
Of their doles!
I would shatter the chains
Of their souls,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

And the trills of my heart
To mankind would impart
All my mirth,
When the slave would be gone
From our earth,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

The Flight of Time.

As you search for a nest,
For a way and a rest,
I would seek
As my dwelling the breasts
Of the weak,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

And to them I would cling
And would ceaselessly sing
Songs of Love;
Until Justice would shine
From above,
O, Nightingale, sweet Nightingale!

The Wolf and the Cat.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KRYLOFF.)

A WOLF came one night,
All trembling with fright,
 To save from base hunters his life;
But to his ill fate
Was closed every gate
 And sleep in the village was rife.

“Do tell me, my dear!”
The Cat that stood near
 In sorrowful tones he addressed.
“Do tell, if you can,
Where is a good man
 To give me a shelter, my best!”

The Flight of Time.

“Just list to those barks,
The terrible marks
Of the dogs that are after my fur!
Come, show me, my best,
A place where to rest.
Have mercy on me, I implore!”

“The best, to be sure,
Is Johnson to poor,
He'll welcome a stranger, I guess.”
Grimalkin so spoke—
His conscience awoke—
He pitied the Wolf in distress.

The Flight of Time.

"I killed once an ox
And frightened the flocks
Of Johnson, your kind-hearted man!
In vain would I plead
To help me in need—
He'll hurt me if ever he can!"

'Try Paul 'cross the street,
The dealer in meat;
Perhaps he will silence your foes;
Or might Uncle Bill,
The boss of the mill,
Will bring you relief from your woes!"

The Flight of Time.

“Your Paul and your Bill,
That boss of the mill,
 Would surely rejoice if I came—
They both in a breath
Would club me to death—
 I wronged them so badly, they claim!”

“So, hasten, at least,
To Nathan, the Priest—
 His duty is kindness of heart!”
By this time the sounds
Of trumpets and hounds
 Announced them the hour came to part.

The Flight of Time.

"My friend, you are queer,"
Said puss with a sneer,
 "To beg here for shelter and rest!
Our men are no fools
To strengthen the tools
 Of him they so fear and detest!

"For no one would save
His enemy grave,
 When over his plunder he bleeds—
No fruit ever grows,
Where brambles one sows—
 Rewards have been measured by deeds!"

The Puzzled Traveller.

By the crossways, tired, he stood
And knew not where to go;
Contrite were his heart and mood—
On either side he met a foe.
At his right was naught but fire,
His left but ice and snow;
Ere his aim is reached, expire
He must in agony of woe;
Then came a flash of thought and solved the
riddle—
He safely walked away into the middle.

Peace.

'Tis done. The regiments disband;
The battle-drums are hushed!
The Men-o'-War at ease
Are sailing o'er the seas
And thirst no more for blood!—
'Tis done. The foe is crushed!

The smokes of cannons rise no more
To dim the warrior's eyes!
The flag of Peace, unfurled,
Is waving o'er the world!
The glorious flag in mighty hands
Is rising to the skies!

The Flight of Time.

And Freedom's voice in triumph grand
Rang out on land and sea;
" 'Tis time that shells and swords,
The soulless earthy Lords,
That deadly arms are turned to plows,
'Tis time that Man is free!"

That Earth from zone to zone pours forth
A grand thanksgiving prayer—
That Lambs to Lions cling
'Neath Freedom's tender wing
And all is clothed in brilliant Spring
Beneath a peaceful glare!"